Snap-shots by Booklover1217

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Summary:

A collection of one-shots of the special moments and milestones in El and Mike's relationship after the events on my story 'Come Back to Me'.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

> Hey guys!
> As promised, here is the first of what I hope is many one-shots about the events after 'Come Back to Me'. It's has taken me so long to get around to editing them because I've been so focused on writing my second story for Mileven but I only have a few more chapters and I'm done. So excited! This has been killing me, but so close now lol

El stared out into the Wheeler's backyard from her spot on the roof, watching Nancy and Jonathan spinning on the grass, her lacy white dress glowing under the pretty lights strung up under the make-shift canopy.

It was a long and tiring day, but one El knew she would never forget. Nancy had looked beautiful in her dress, dark hair tumbling loosely down her back as she walked up the aisle towards her two boys. Jonathan and Steve had both grinned at her, looking proud and handsome in their black suits, clearly unable to believe that they were lucky enough to marry the girl of both their dreams.

Steve and Nancy had had their binding ceremony the weekend before, and it had been a quiet celebration, but no less beautiful.

El wasn't ashamed to admit that she was cried as Jonathan and Nancy had exchanged their vows, sneakily wiping her eyes as she stood beside her in her own pink dress that she'd finally gotten to wear. But not sneakily enough, as her boys had teased her unmercifully afterwards, except Mike who only kissed her sweetly on the cheek and told the others to leave her alone.

They had danced together afterwards, awkwardly and stepping on each other's feet, but laughed anyways, just happy to be together, before they'd snuck up onto the roof of Mike's house for some time alone together after the hectic day, and they were still there an hour later, content to cuddle together quietly.

'It's all so pretty.' she sighed, legs tangled together with his, her head on his chest, playing with each other's fingers.

Mike glanced down at her, nuzzling her head, and bit his lip nervously.

'Would you ever...is marriage something you'd want. Later, I mean. When you're older.'

Mike already knew they were going to move in together at the end of the year, El having begun to fast-pace her study as soon as Mike had gotten his memories back so she could go to college with him. She refused to be left behind, and Mike definitely didn't want that either after the years and time they'd left, so he'd been helping her study everyday after school. Dustin wanting to go to the same college in Boston as them and they planned to live together while Lucas was hoping to get into an East Coast school to follow his aspirations in football and Will was planning to head to NYU to study art.

But the one thing he and El hadn't discussed was marriage, or their lives after college, too focused on enjoying getting to know one another again after all their years apart.

Mike was dragged from his thoughts as El looked up at him.

'With you or in general?' she asked, and he was slightly dazed how pretty her eyes looked, glowing under the lights.

'Uh...both?' he said slowly and she nodded, smiling shyly.

'I think it'd be nice to be married. I want to experience everything with you, Mike'.

Mike, instead of the happiness that should've bubbled up inside him at the thought of one day marrying El, suddenly felt sick as a wave of insecurity that had become horribly familiar over the last month rushed through him.

He looked away from her, stiffening, his eyes dulling.

He'd been trying to ignore the insecurities and worries that been building inside him for weeks, but they had only seemed to grow and

get more overwhelming with every weekend they spent in his basement or just together, and she didn't go out and meet new people, or experience new things without him.

It was nothing she'd done. No, she seemed to want nothing more than to be with him, but that's what made him worry. She was so beautiful and smart and fun, and he was just ordinary Mike Wheeler. He couldn't understand why she was him.

What if he was holding her back? What if she was only with him because she felt like she owed him for helping her all those years ago?

Mike cleared his throat, and pulled away from her slightly, not looking at her as he spoke the words he'd been holding back, feeling like he was heart going to break but he knew he had to be fair to her. He couldn't hold her back anymore.

'You know you don't have to say that, right? You don't owe me anything. If you liked someone else, or you've outgrown me, and don't want me or to move with me, you know I won't stop you or hold you back...'

'Stop!' El demanded , cutting off his words by grabbing his face, squishing his mouth in a way that would've been funny if not for the seriousness of the situation or the way her heart had begun to pound faster.

She slowly unravelled her legs from his and shifted away, stomach clenching in fear as she stared at him. She removed her hand from his mouth, clenching her fists by her side, anger a beating pulse in her mind.

What the hell was he talking about? Had he forgotten everything they had gone through to get this far, to get back to each other? Didn't he realise how much he meant to her? How much she loved him? Why was he trying to ruin everything?

'Mike, what are you saying? Are you being serious right now?'

Mike shrugged, looking away miserably, suddenly cold.

She looked at him hard for a second before anger burst out of her, and she pushed his shoulder hard, almost making him topple over.

'What the hell is wrong with you?' she spat, eyes narrowed and glaring.

He whirled around too fast, sliding on the roof, barely catching himself, and stared at her, mouth hanging open slightly.

'What gives you the bloody right? Is that really what you think of me? That I'll just ditch you for someone else after everything we've been through? That I'm that fickle? Do you really think I can't make up my own mind? Or that I still need things explained to me?

'Oh, poor El, can't make her own decisions. She doesn't understand what she's getting into. She could do so much better than old me. Go take your pity party, and that's exactly what this, don't deny it, somewhere else, Michael Wheeler, because I'm not in the mood to deal with it', her voice is dangerously quiet, worse than if she was yelling.

Mike's whole body feels like ice, terror causing his heart to beat wildly in his chest as he can see El withdrawing from him with every word, able to see the hurt in her eyes almost hidden by the anger.

What has he done?

'You'd think by now you'd know that I don't do anything I don't want to. I had enough of doing that in the lab, thank you very much. I'm moving to Boston with you because I want to, not because I feel like I owe you, but because I love you, you bloody moron!'

She went silent for a minute, puffing slightly, before she sighed, and looked down, playing with her hands, her voice softer and less angry.

'I've been in love with since that first night, Mike. Since I was twelve years old and you pulled me out of the rain and gave me warm clothes, a safe place to sleep and treated me like a human being for the first damn time in my life. I don't love you out of pity or cause I owe you a debt, I love you because your the best person I know.'
'College, marriage, children, moving away from Hawkins's, leaving Joyce and Hopper, I wouldn't do anyone of that, wouldn't want to do

any of that with anyone but you. Got it? Understand now? There's never going to be anyone else for me but you. Now, while you get that through your incredibly thick skull, I'm going back to the party'.

She began to crawl across the roof, swinging her leg over the edge to begin the short climb down the side. Mike quickly reached over and pulled her into his lap, wrapping his legs and arms around her as she bucked and wiggled angrily, knowing, but not caring, that she could throw him off the room with her powers any moment.

He bit his lip, trying to ignore the very inconvenient reaction her wriggling was causing. So not the time, he hissed mentally at the half stiff erection pressing against the seam of his pants.

El finally seemed to calm, going still and sitting stiffly in his lap. Mike whispered in her ear, tone desperate, his nose pressed against her cheekbone.

'I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, El. I was being stupid'

'You think?' she said, sarcastically, refusing to look at him.

He sighed, smacking his head against her shoulder, truly hating his stupid insecure ass in that moment.

'It just slipped out. I just worry, okay? That I'm not good enough for you. That I'm holding you back. I want you to have the world'.

Her shoulders slumped slightly, and she looked at him out of the corner of her eye.

'That's silly, Mike. You are my world'.

His breath shuddered out at her words, and he pressed a soft kiss to her neck, feeling her shiver slightly.

'I can't stand the idea of losing you, El. Of you leaving me again, but this time on purpose. I wake up sometimes after a nightmare about you disappearing that night and I have to physically stop myself from calling you to make sure you're real. That I didn't dream the last four months up'.

'Oh, Mike', she sighed, turning in his arms and kissing his lips softly, clutching his shoulders.

He kissed her back, burying his hands in her soft hair, neither of them caring that he was messing up the up-do the hairdresser had painstakingly created that morning.

Mike pulled back, pressing his forehead to hers, and El sighed, brushing her nose against his.

'I wasn't whole when you were gone, El. It was like a piece of me was missing and I only got it back when you came back. You were my missing piece, El. I want to be with you, forever, and that scares me. I don't think I could live without you again, not now I know you were what was missing. I don't want to lose you but I still don't understand why you're with me. I'm just ordinary, just Mike, and you're so extraordinary. You deserve more than me.'

El shook her head, looking exasperated.

'Mike, when will you understand? You're the best person I've ever met. You're kind, and patient and so loyal and you'd literally jump off a cliff to save the people you love. What ordinary person would do that? You fought for me, and protected me when you
barely knew me. You're anything but ordinary'.

They sit quietly for a moment, holding each other, El's ear pressed to his chest, listening as his heart slowed back to it's normal rhythm. She sighed after a few minutes and looked up at his dazed black eyes, the surprise and sudden realisation in them
endearing.

She kissed his chin, making him look down at her expectantly.

'Never do that to me again, Mike. Promise you'll never walk away from me because you think it's what best for me, because I know I couldn't live without you.'

His eyes softened, guilt running through him.

'I promise, El'.

'I'll hold you to it', she told him, raising herself off the roof slightly to press her lips to his, kissing him sweetly, as the lyrics from an old song drifted up to them from the wedding below about a man who can't keep his eyes off his love, and no song could have been more perfect in that moment.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

> Hey everyone! So this was actually the first idea I ever had for a Mileven story, and I couldn't find anything like it anywhere so I decided to just write it myself. It's my favourite one-shot I've written so far. Hope you like it. :)

1994 December 24th

El pulled up out front of the familiar white house with green shutters and turned the ignition off, sighing as she stared up at it. Smoke billowed lazily from the chimney, mixing with the snow that was falling from the sky and landing on the soft piles already covering the lawn.

She had only lived in the house her adoptive parents, Jim and Joyce Hopper, had built when she was sixteen for a few, too-short years but she felt herself relaxing at just the sight of it, the tension she'd been carrying lessening slightly, feeling as if it was welcoming her back.

The apartment Mike and her had in Boston was small and cosy and theirs, but she knew the house near the lake would always feel like home to her.

She opened the door and stepped out, pulling her coat around her tighter in the frigid air outside the heated interior, and watched as her breath rose in a white mist in front of her face.

El reached inside to grab her bag, pulling it on her shoulder, and tried desperately not to think of the box in it's flimsy paper packaging that sat inside it. Tried not to think about what she was about to do.

She hurried to the front door, knocking loudly, as she shifted from foot to foot, shivering in the blistering cold wind.
Muffled footsteps came closer to the door, and Joyce pulled the door open, dressed in a bright green dressing gown and slippers, cheeks flushed and warm.

El's felt a warmth fill her chest as she looked at the woman she thought of as her mother. Joyce's face was more lined than it had been when they'd first met, and her dark brown hair had a few more greys, but the same welcoming, happy smile creased her cheeks as she looked at her.

'Oh, honey, what a nice surprise! I thought you weren't getting here till tonight. Come in, it's freezing,' Joyce said, grabbing El's hand and yanking her inside the warm house, rubbing her arms briskly.
El smiled slightly at the motherly gesture, and squeezed Joyce's hand as she tugged her deeper into the house.

'We weren't supposed to, but I convinced Mike that we should drive up yesterday so we could have more time with everyone. Where is everybody?'

Joyce laughed, her brown eyes brightening.

'Oh, your Dad's at the station. He got a call about some of the high schoolers throwing snow balls at store windows and they broke a few so he had to head in and sort it all out. You can imagine how much he liked that', she said, snickering slightly, still holding El's mittened hand in her own as she lead her into the kitchen, only letting go so she could fill the kettle.

'Tea, honey?'
El nodded, pulling her gloves off and unravelling the scarf around her neck.

'Where's Robbie?' she asked, referring to her brown-haired, green-eyed little brother, who was usually a whirlwind of activity. The house was suspiciously quiet and tranquil, no sign of toys or the skateboard El had found herself tripping over constantly over the years.

'He's out sledding with some friends, thank god. I love him, you know I do, but I never had this much trouble with Jonathan or Will. They were always so quiet and happy with their own company, but Robbie is so demanding, and needs so much attention that it's nice to have a day to myself', Joyce told her, finishing their cups and bringing them over, placing them on the table before taking a seat across from her

daughter.

Joyce studied El's face curiously for a moment before speaking, casually taking a sip of her coffee.

'So, what's on your mind? What do you need to talk to me about?'

El looked at her, blinking, surprised, mug held halfway to her mouth.

'What? How did you know that I....?'

Joyce leant forward and took her hand, squeezing, as she laughed lightly.

'El, I've been your Mom for a long time. I can tell when there's something bothering you. Now spill, Miss. Did you and Mike have a fight?'

El shook her head, before she sighed, closing her eyes for a second and taking a deep breath, before reaching into her bag and pulling out the offending paper package. She reached inside the paper bag with trembling fingers, pulling out the small box within and placed it on the table quietly.

Joyce frowned, putting her mug down with a low thud and picked the box up, reading the words printed clearly on it.

Her eyes widened and swung to El's, which were dull and filled with pain, when Joyce would've expected the opposite.

'A pregnancy test. You think you're pregnant?'

El swallowed back a lump in her throat, wringing her fingers atop the table, before lifting agonised eyes to Joyce's.

'I've missed my period'.

'Oh, El, that's wonderful.'

'No, it's not. Because it's not possible. I can't get pregnant.'

A heavy silence filled the room at El's room and she stared down at

the table, tracing the patterns in the wood with a finger.

Joyce stared at her, stunned, throat tightening at the pain on El's face.

'What do you mean you can't get pregnant? How do you know?'

El shrugged, wrapping her arms around herself, a habit long perfected from years of trying to hold herself together.

'I thought I was pregnant before in my third year of college. I was so happy. I went to the doctor, and they did some tests. I was waiting till they called to confirm, I was so excited to tell Mike and then they called me in. It turns out that my uterus is damaged, scarred, from what they suspected was exposure to radiation. The Doctors were stunned by the results, had no idea how it could've happened, but they told me that with that amount of damage that it would be nearly impossible for me to conceive. A 1 in a million chance.'

Joyce gaped at her, feeling anger rise in her, her fingers clenching on her seat out of El's sight.

Those monsters hadn't only stolen the first twelve years of her precious girls life, but now they'd stolen her future as well. Her chance to have a child, something Joyce knew she'd been dreaming of since she'd helped Jim deliver Robbie in their bedroom after he had come too quickly to get to the hospital.

'I don't know what to say, how to help. I'm so sorry, honey. What did Mike say?'

El lips twitched up into a sad smile, thinking back to Mike's reaction when she'd told him, how he'd held her while she cried for days, voice rough and wet with tears, and how he refused to let them fall, not letting her see how sad he was.

'It's Mike. He was devastated, I could tell, but he was more worried about me. He said it was fine, we didn't need to have children, we have each other but if I wanted them we could adopt. He said it doesn't matter to him, that he'll love me no matter what'.

Her dull eyes suddenly sharpened with anger, and seemed to burn

like coals, as she slammed her fists onto the table.

'But it does matter. It matters to me. I wanted one normal thing in my life, I wanted to have our child, to have someone who is my own flesh and blood, and they stole that from me too. They took another damn thing away. Haven't they taken enough? Haven't I lost enough?'

The anger deflated as suddenly as it came, and El's chin wobbled for a second before she burst into tears, face crumpling inwards, and a keening cry falling from her lips.

Joyce jumped to her feet and quickly rounded the table, wrapping her thin arms around El, making a soft shushing noise.

'It's okay, honey, shush, it'll be okay.'

El turned her head, and pressed her face to Joyce's shoulder, breathing in her familiar, comforting coffee and vanilla scent. They sat there for ten minutes, El hiccupping and erupting into fresh tears every now and then before the steady flow of tears came to a slow stop.

El pulled away, face hot and sticky, and wiped her hands down her cheeks, chuckling weakly at herself.

'Argh, I'm such a mess, sorry. I can't stop crying', she apologised, reaching up and patting at the wet spot she'd left on Joyce's dressing gown.

Joyce pushed her hand away gently, waving off the apology before she took the seat next to her. She glanced at the pregnancy test on the table, her forehead furrowing in confusion.

'Honey, why....I don't want to upset you, but why did you buy a pregnancy test if you can't pregnant?'

El swallowed past the tightness in her throat, and made herself pick up the test, clenching it between her fingers on her lap.

'That's why I came over. I've been feeling really...odd lately. I've been really sick, throwing up most mornings after Mike leaves for work, and my...' El blushed, embarrassed, but gestured towards her chest

with her hands, 'they're huge and really sore.'

Joyce looked down and blinked. She was right, they were huge!

El nodded at Joyce's expression, pressing her lips together hard.

'Everything that I'm feeling is telling me I'm pregnant but I'm too scared to go back to the doctors. Too scared they'll tell me I'm just imagining it.'

Joyce took El's hand in hers and squeezed it, feeling a sudden hope spreading through her, but kept her face blank, not wanting to show it just in case El was somehow wrong.

'Have you told Mike? What did he say?'

El shook her head, frantically, eyes wide.

'I can't. I can't get his hopes up. He'll be devastated if I tell him and it just turns out to be negative.'

She had even tried to use her powers to sense if she was pregnant, like she had with Joyce, but she was so stressed they were out of whack, her senses muffled and confused.

'I've been putting off taking a test for a while.'

'How long's a while?' Joyce asked, raising an eyebrow at her.

'Four months', El said, sheepishly, biting her lip as she watched Joyce's eyes bug out and almost spit out the sip of coffee she'd taken.

'Four months?' she spat out, incredulous.

'I couldn't do it alone. Every time I tried I'd just have a panic attack, and I'd shake too hard to use the test. If it's negative....I don't know what I'll do. I need you're help, Mom. I can't do this by myself.'

Joyce's face softened and she leant over to kiss El's forehead, closing her eyes for a moment, before getting to her feet.

'Of course I'll help, baby. When do you want to do this? Are you ready now?'

El got to her feet, tucking the test in her pocket, shaking her head.

'No. But I don't think I'll ever be ready, so let's do it anyways.'

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El opened the bathroom door, hands shaking, and looked out at Joyce who was pacing restlessly, her hair hanging into her anxious eyes. Her brown eyes swung to El's terrified ones, and she quickly wrapped an arm around her waist, leading her back into the room.

El stared at the test sitting in the sink as the sat on the edge of the bathtub, and reached for Joyce's hand, clutching at it desperately.

It looked so harmless, just a small white stick with a blank viewing window, the results not yet in. It definitely didn't look like it, and it alone, had the power to destroy or complete her life forever.

They sat in silence for the longest three minutes of both their lives, and El felt herself stiffen as she saw Joyce glance down at her watch out of the corner of her eye, and then look at her.

'It's time, baby', she said, her voice soft and coaxing.

El's heart sped up and seemed to rise into her throat, and she shook her head, panic slamming into her.

'I can't...I can't look. Can you? Please?' she begged, eyes too large and her breath coming too fast.

Joyce nodded quickly, afraid El was going to hyperventilate any second, and stood to walk over to the sink.

'Of course I can.'

El slid down from the edge of the bath, hugging her legs as she pressed her face into her knees.

She listened, holding herself so stiffly that her joints ached, protesting the cramped position. She felt like every nerve in her body was

electrified, that everything was too loud and too close, scraping harshly against her senses.

There was a quiet clink as Joyce lifted the test from the sink and then there was nothing but El's own heavy breathing, and the pulsing of her heart in her head and ears.

'Oh, honey...' Joyce sighed, breaking the silence, her voice wet and trembling.

El squeezed her eyes shut, barely holding back the agonising cry that stuck in her throat, threatening to escape. Hot tears slid from beneath her closed eyelids, spilling onto her cheeks and down her neck. Her shoulders shook as she buried her hands in her hair, clutching it as the devastating truth sank in.

She'd been so sure.

She'd wanted this so much she'd been able to picture it in her mind. The little boy with her curls and Mike's eyes. A little girl with Mike's hair and her smile.

She'd almost been able to imagine feeling their baby kicking under her skin, and holding it in her arms after he or she had been born. Her own flesh and blood, something that was both of them, that they'd made.

Something normal and special and magical for them to experience and share together.

And now all those hopes were shattered. The Doctors had been right after all. There would be no baby.

El almost didn't hear Joyce's voice over the roaring in her ears, and the thoughts screaming in her head, but as the words settled into her jumbled and shattered mind she froze, raising her wet face, skin blotchy and her blood-shot eyes wide.

'What? What did you just say?' she whispered, voice hoarse, and disbelieving.

'It's positive,' Joyce told her, smile wide and shocked, her hand

trembling as she held up the little white stick.

'What?' El asked again, stunned, her muscles going limp, unable to comprehend what she was hearing.

'It's positive, El', Joyce repeated, as she looked at El's dumbfounded expression, and knew her words weren't quite getting through to her.

She rushed forward to kneel beside her daughter, placing the stick in her cold limp hand, and lifted it to her face.

'See', she said, excitement and joy making her voice shake, as she pointed at the symbol in the result window, before grabbing El's other hand, squeezing it.

El unravelled from her cramped position, laying her legs out in front of her, as she curled her trembling fingers around the test that could suddenly change her entire world.

She blinked at the results with blurry, tear soaked eyes, before she stilled, staring at the tiny pink plus sign that seemed to glow like a beacon.

Positive. The test was positive.

She turned to Joyce, who beamed at her, now shaking for a whole new thrilling reason.

'I'm pregnant...' she said, a wide smile curving her lips as the fact finally settled into her mind.

'You're pregnant,' Joyce confirmed, letting out the loud whoop she'd been holding back, throwing her arms around El. 'Oh my god, you're pregnant.'

El's tears were coming faster than ever, but they were now tears of joy and shock. A nervous laugh slipped from her mouth, and she soon found she couldn't stop.

Happiness bubbled up inside her, spreading through her entire body, and felt she would explode with it.

'I'm going to have a baby', she said, her face nearly splitting with her smile, her hand falling to the small bump between her hips that she'd seen getting bigger over the last four months but hadn't allowed herself to believe was real, caressing it gently.

A baby was alive and growing beneath her hand, she thought, delighted.

Their baby.

'Oh, sweetie, this is amazing. I can't believe it, I'm going to be a grandmother', Joyce cried, tears spilling down her cheeks, as she pulled El into her arms, both of them swaying and almost bouncing with excitement.

Joyce stood, wiping her cheeks, before she helped El to her feet, talking excitedly about calling the local doctor to get her a check-up, telling her she was way overdue, and wondering if they'd be able to fit her in this late on Christmas Eve.

But El barely heard her, her thoughts consumed with thinking of way she could tell Mike that their lives had just changed forever in the best way possible.

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El snuck into the house on Maple Street that Mike's parent still lived in and had been like her second home throughout her senior year, cringing as the stairs squeaked under her feet. She quickly stashed the early Christmas present she had gotten while she'd been out with Joyce before racing back down the stairs, slowing her steps to try and look normal as she entered the dining room where her boys were sitting around the table, talking and laughing loudly, drinks in their hands.

'Hey, El's back!' Dustin said, grinning at her widely, his eyes a bit unfocused as he took a long drawl of his beer.

They all called out greetings, Lucas rolling his eyes at Dustin's tipsiness, while Will and Cam both waved, not even looking away from each other. They were still as loved up as they had been when

they were sixteen, which El secretly found adorable.

El laughed at Lucas's annoyed and slightly nauseated expression, glancing down as she felt fingers slipping through hers. Her eyes met Mike's dark eyes as he smiled up at her from his seat at the head of the table, before he tugged on her hand and abruptly pulled her into his lap.

She let out a surprised giggle that was cut off when he pressed his lips to hers, giving her a quick, teasing kiss that left her gasping for breath. He pulled back after a moment, and grinned at the way her breath had sped up, loving that he still affected her like that after all their years together.

El smiled at him, pressing her forehead to his with a sigh.

'Hey.'

'Hey', he said, softly, wrapping his arms around her, breathing in the familiar citrus smell of her shampoo, 'I missed you.'
El laughed, shaking her head at her dork of a husband.

'I was only gone a few hours.'

'Still.'

'Ugh, come on, guys, get a room. That's my sister, Wheeler', Will groaned, clapping a hand over his eyes.

Mike narrowed his eyes, and pointed a finger at him.

'Hey, we have to watch you and Cam make out all the time and be all cutesy. What's the difference?'

Cam threw his head back and laughed, clapping Will on the shoulder.

'He's got a point.'

Will's mouth fell open, before he pouted at Cam.

'Oi! You're supposed to be on my side, turncoat.'

El rolled her eyes at the two of them, and climbed out of Mike's lap, to his loud protests, and held her hand out, smiling.

'Actually, I need to head upstairs anyways. Can you come with? I bought a last minute present, and I just want your opinion on it before I wrap.'

'Well, we all know what that's code for', Lucas teased, winking at them.

Dustin wolf-whistled, grinning widely, while Will shot her a probing look, feeling the faint echo of nerves through the link they still shared.

Mike rolled his eyes at their friends, getting to his feet and taking El's offered hand while she blushed, narrowing her eyes at them good-naturedly.

'Jealous?'

'Oh, most definitely. Jess is visiting her family, so I'm not getting any till after New Years,' Lucas groaned, laying his head down on the table.

'Oh, poor baby,' Dustin crooned at him from across the table.

Lucas threw an empty can at him, glaring, while Will laughed, distracted from trying to figure out what El was hiding.

'Shut up, Dustin.'

Mike followed El up the stairs to his old room, which they had for the week they were visiting, and closed the door behind them.
She grabbed a festive red and green gift bag that was sat on the bed and handed it to him with a nervous smile.

'Have a look and tell me what you think.'

Mike slowly took the bag, studying El's face, his dark eyes intent.

Okay, she was definitely acting weird, he decided. He considered himself something of an El expert after five years of dating and two

years of marriage, and he could tell that she was holding something back. Her eyes were skittish and couldn't seem to stay on his, and she kept shifting around like she was nervous or hiding something.

El bit her lip as he continued to look at her, gesturing impatiently for him to open the bag already.

Mike sighed, deciding to play along and get whatever it was out of her later, before adjusting the bag and reaching inside.
He was surprised when he pulled out a small baby suit, a storm trooper outfit printed on it.

His mouth fell open and a wide, excited smile spread across his lips.

'Wow, this is awesome. I didn't even know they made these. But....it's a bit small for Josh, don't you think? I mean it's tiny.' he said, confused, thinking of Nancy, Jon and Steve's chubby 9 month old son who was sleeping down the hall.

He glanced from the suit to El and frowned when he found her smiling at him in amusement, brown eyes warm.

'It's not for Josh'.

Mike just blinked at her, raising his eyebrows, utterly perplexed. His confusion only deepened when El laughed, shaking her head at him.

'Open the other present that's in the bag. The one wrapped in tissue paper.'

Mike set the suit down on his old desk and reached inside, pulling a small package wrapped in tissue paper. He flicked a look at El before unravelling the paper carefully.

He froze as he saw the small white stick in his hands, eyes widening to an almost comical size and he quickly flipped it over, staring at the result in the window.

Mike almost stopped breathing as he stared down at the little pink plus sign on the pregnancy test.

Positive, it was positive. But how could that be? They couldn't....the

Doctors had said.....

His hands began to tremble so hard he dropped the test to the floor. He lifted stunned eyes to El's, who was watching him nervously, her hands clasped in front of her, eyes the happiest he'd seen since the doctors had told them the devastating news three years ago.

He swallowed hard, his throat suddenly dry, before taking a careful step forward.

'Is this...are you...?'

'I'm pregnant', she breathed out, stepping towards him and grabbing his hands.

Stunned, Mike stared at her and then down at the test on the floor.

'Are you sure? It's not just a false positive?'

El shook her head, her face practically glowing as she smiled at him.

'I went to the Doctor's this afternoon. He confirmed it. I'm about 18 weeks along, and perfectly healthy. We both are. Look', she said, reaching into her coat jacket and pulling out a small square, placing it in his hand carefully.

Mike stared at the photo, feeling his entire face soften as he stared at the blurry profile of a baby. Their baby. He blinked to try to bring it into focus and realised his eyes had filled with tears.

He wiped them away impatiently, eager to see his child, and studied it intensely. He traced the shape of the baby's nose, and was surprised and thrilled to realise it had her nose, the exact shape and upturn of El's nose.

He traced the image with trembling fingers, swinging wet eyes gleaming with happiness to hers, still not quite able to believe it.

'But the Doctor in Boston, he said it was a one in a million chance, with all the damage....'

'We're the one, Mike. We beat the odds,' El said, looking at his

stunned his face anxiously.

He was happy about it right?

Mike suddenly laughed, making El jump back, startled. The sound was happy with a slight touch of hysteria, and he grabbed her around the waist carefully and gently, spinning her in a circle before he lifted her up and kissed her frantically.

She let out a small surprised squeak, before laughing against his lips and kissing him back, wrapping her arms and legs around his neck and waist.

He pulled back, pressing soft kisses on her forehead, temple, nose, and feathering them across her cheeks before pressing another hard one to her mouth, all while they both laughed.

'Of course we did! I don't know why we ever doubted we wouldn't. Oh, god I love you so much, El, you know that?'

El sighed, pressing her forehead to his.

'I know. I've always known, you idiot', she said, kissing his nose, 'I can't remember being this happy in such a long time. It doesn't feel real.'

'I know. But it is', he told her, face glowing as if lit from within.

Mike slowly put her down on her feet, and she started, suddenly remembering something, and she smiled at him shyly, biting her lip.

'I already have a small bump. I've kind of been hiding it, in case you saw and suspected something before I knew for sure. Do you want to see?'

'You what?' he said, dropping to his knees in front of her, and tugging at her coat so eagerly she laughed.

'Whoa, there. I haven't seen you this eager since Valentine's Day when I wore that pink negligee...'

'Hey, don't make this dirty. This is a special moment', he mock-

chastised, before winking at her, 'make it dirty later.'

El threw her head back laughing, as he muttered under his breath irritably, struggling with the buttons on her coat, finally pulling it open and lifting her purple sweater up to the bottom of her bra, revealing her pale white skin.

He stared in awe at the subtle curve of her stomach, at the small but defined bump that stuck out between her hips, the proof that their child was alive and growing under her skin.

Mike ran his hand reverently along the slight swell, before leaning forward and pressing his lips to her skin.

El sighed, burrowing her fingers into his soft, black hair, the love that she had for him in that moment almost overwhelming her.

'Hello in there,' he whispered lovingly, before pulling down her shirt, and looking up at her, eyes soft.

He climbed to his feet, and pulled her into his arms, nuzzling her head with his chin.

'I feel like I'm dreaming', he murmured.

'I don't think even your imagination is this good', she snorted, and he gave her a mock-hurt look.

'Is too?' he said, sticking his tongue out at her.

She laughed, shaking her head.

'Idiot. So...uh...do you want to tell everyone or keep it a secret for a while? Just for us.'

'Pfft, as if we could get away with that. If we don't tell everyone and they find out we kept it a secret they'll kill us. I don't need to hear the whining. Do you?' Mike asked, raising his eyebrow, 'Seriously?

'God, you're so right. We'd never hear the end of it,' she said, rolling her eyes, 'So we tell them'.

'Let's tell them at dinner. Everyone will be over then and we can surprise them'.

'Okay, dinner it is,' she nodded, intertwining their fingers together as they headed back downstairs, trying to hide the smiles they could barely keep off their faces.

They were all sat down, squishing into seats around the two dining tables Ted, Jonathan and Steve had dragged in from the basement earlier than morning, which were piled with all sorts of foods to feed the hoard of people, including two massive chickens, bowls of mashed potato, baked vegetables, buttered beans, salads, and bread rolls that Karen had slaved over for Christmas Eve dinner.

Everyone was digging in, elbows banging into each other occasionally and knocking each other's plates, but they were all so happy to be together they didn't care and just laughed at the chaos.

El kept her eyes down on her plate, finding it harder and harder to hide the smile threatening to crease her cheeks. She was also pointedly avoiding Will's gaze and the confused and slightly hurt looks he kept sending her, unable to understand why she was blocking the link. But El knew if he could feel the ridiculous happiness she was feeling, he would guess what was going on and it would spoil the surprise.

She felt a hand wrap around hers under the table, and she jolted slightly, torn from her thoughts, and turned her eyes to Mike's.
He gave her a questioning look, dark eyes soft, and she nodded, excitement building within her.

Nancy, who was sitting at the end of the table, spooning mashed potatoes and pumpkin into her chubby brown haired, blue eyed son's mouth, was rolling her eyes at her Mom and Joyce.

'Steve is trying to convince us to have another baby. As if Josh isn't enough of a handful even with the three of us', she groaned, flicking a loving but exasperated look at her husband while Jonathan shook his head at him as well, smirking slightly.

Steve held up his hands in defense.

'Hey! I just want Josh to have siblings close to his age. What's wrong with that?'

'We're just starting to get sleep now! You're crazy man', Jonathan groaned, closing his eyes.

'Yeah, but you love me,' Steve said, winking at him, making Jonathan's cheeks flush.

'Oh, speaking of kids,' Mike cut in casually, not looking up from cutting his chicken, his voice barely audible over the loud buzz of other conversations around the table, 'just thought you'd all like to know that El's pregnant.'

All conversation at the table came to an abrupt halt, the room going deathly quiet as all eyes turned to them, mouths open and gaping, some with half-chewed food still inside.

'What did you just say?' Nancy choked, eyes wide.

Joyce hid her smile behind her hand as she looked around at everyone, including Jim who looked like he was going to choke on the potatoes he'd been eating, Karen who looked like she was going to cry any second, and the boys her daughter and son-in-law called family, who had varied looks of disbelief and excitement covering their faces.

El grinned at the dumbfounded group, flicking a loving smile to Mike who looked down at her adoringly. He leant down to press a hard kiss to her temple, before turning back to their family.

'We're going to have a baby.'

The room was silent for a second before it seemed to erupt with noise, everyone yelling excitedly and talking over one another. Karen and Nancy both burst into tears, turning and hugging each other tightly, while their husbands pat their backs, shooting panicked and bewildered looks at each other.

Chairs scraped against the wooden floors as their friends made their way towards them, knocking each other sideways to be the first to reach them.

Will got there first and pulled El into a hug, squeezing her carefully as if he was afraid she'd break to her amusement. He pulled back after a few moments, tears in his eyes and smiled widely at her.

'So that's why you were blocking me. Congratulations, little sis', he said, voice wet.

'Thank you', she said, feeling her own eyes filling and quickly wiped at them, sniffling with a sheepish laugh. She turned as Cam joined them and gave her a kiss on the cheek, congratulating her.

The three of them glanced over at the others, who were talking loudly and excitedly about the baby.

'I can't wait to show him how to use the wrist rocket. Hopefully he'll be better at it then you,' Lucas joked, grinning next to Mike who grinned back, not caring about the insult, almost vibrating with excitement.

'We'll definitely have to teach him about D & D, and of course you have to show him Star Wars. Oh my god, do you think El would let you name him after a character from Star Wars? That would be so damn cool...' Dustin said, clapping his hands and jumping slightly.

El crossed her arms over her chest, cocking her head to side, as she listened to them, trying not to laugh.

'Uh...guys?'

They all turned to her expectantly, Mike's face softening with adoration.

'What if it's a girl?' she said, smirking as all their faces went pale, including Mike's whose eyes almost bulged out of his head.

'Well, shit!' Dustin muttered after a long moment, and slapped Mike on the back, 'Good luck with that, mate.'

Notes for the Chapter:

> What did you think? :) As always, let me know, I love hearing everyone's thoughts.

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

> As requested, a new one-shot! I really hope you all like this one, it's short but so fluffy it makes up for it. At least in my opinion :) Enjoy x

'Shit, shit, shit...'

Mike froze in the doorway of the apartment he had shared with El for a month and felt his heart skip in his chest as he saw dark smoke filling the hall from the kitchen, and heard her swearing loudly.

'El! Are you okay?' he yelled, rushing towards the kitchen, coughing, and waving his hand in front of his face.

He stopped in the doorway as he saw El, face scrunched up into a dark scowl, standing in front of the open oven and waving a towel at a charred mass that was so burnt it was unrecognisable as food.

El whirled around, hair sticking up as if she'd been pulling at it, and eyes shiny with tears, although he wasn't sure whether if it was from the smoke or frustration.

'I'm fine,' she grumbled, tone disgruntled, and turned to open the kitchen window, letting the smoke flow out of the room, before crossing her arms over her chest, not meeting his eyes.

Mike dropped his briefcase on the counter and walked over to her, ducking his head so they were eye-level.

'Are you sure? You didn't hurt yourself?', he said, expression concerned, as he took her wrists in his hands, and turned them over to check for any burns.

El deflated under his touch, all her frustration draining from her, and she slumped against him, resting her head on his shoulder as she sighed heavily.

'I'm okay, I promise. I was just trying to surprise you with a nice

dinner, thought it'd be a nice change from take-out. I even rang you're Mom for the recipe, and some advice, and I still managed to burn it,' she said, voice shaking slightly with embarrassment, and she pushed her hair forward into her eyes to hide her face from him.

Mike's face softened and he chuckled as he pushed her hair back behind her ears so he could look at her.

'Don't be embarrassed. We both know I'm a complete dunce in the kitchen as well. Except for popcorn. I am the master of popping popcorn', he said, grinning when she gave a hiccupy laugh, 'We can just order in. No big deal. I didn't fall for you because of you're cooking skills, El.'

'I know but it'd still be nice to be able to cook something other than Eggos and grilled cheese', she huffed, stepping away from him and slumping against the sink.

'Hey, I happen to like Eggos and grilled cheese.'

El rolled her eyes, but her lips twitched up into a small smile as he'd hoped they would, and she leaned across the counter to pick
up the phone, dialling a number they'd both memorised early on when they'd moved to Boston.

'I'll just order the regular then? Pepperoni pizza with extra olives and pepper?'

'Sounds good to me', he said, leaning over and kissing her on the cheek.

El flushed, pushing him away playfully before quickly relaying their order to their regular pizza place.

Mike watched her for a moment before he glanced at the charred food still bubbling inside it's dish and poked at it curiously with a knife, head tilted to the side.

'Hey, El,' he asked, looking at her over his shoulder as she hung up the phone.

She turned towards him, raising her eyebrows expectantly, as she

walked back over to him.

'Uh...what exactly was this?'

'Tuna casserole'.

Mike frowned, looking down at the casserole and then back at her, eyebrows drawing together in confusion.

'You hate Tuna casserole,' he said, forehead furrowing.

El shrugged at him.

'But you don't,' she said, shrugging nonchalantly, as if it was that simple.

Mike felt something click inside him at her words, and his whole body straightened, heart starting to pound in his chest, echoing in his ears.

Maybe it was that simple, he realised, slipping his fingers inside his pant pockets and curling them around the small ring box inside.

He'd been waiting for the perfect moment to ask her the question that had been on his mind for weeks. Months even. He'd wanted it to be romantic and special.

But as he looked at her, at the way her hair was mussed and sticking up in all directions, her clothes stained and rumpled, and her face flushed from trying to make him a casserole that she didn't even like, he felt everything inside him soften and he just knew.

This was it. The moment he'd been waiting for, as strange as it seemed. It was perfect and special already because it was them, just as they were. They didn't need anything fancy. They just needed each other.

'Marry me,' he blurted out, completely forgetting the speech he'd been practicing for weeks.

He felt his chest tighten and he anxiously held his breath, waiting for her answer.

El, however, didn't even look up from where she stood next to the oven, busy trying to scrape the burnt bits off the top of the casserole, her brows furrowed.

'Huh?' she asked him, tone distracted.

Mike laughed in exasperation, and came up behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist from behind, and nuzzled her ear.

'Marry me, El. Be my wife', he whispered

El stilled in his arms, breath catching in her throat. Her fingers loosened on the knife and it dropped onto the counter with a loud clang. She twisted in his arms, struggling to shift as he tightened his arms around her playfully.

'Mike...' she whined, spinning around as he loosened his grip and stared at his amused expression, a slight smirk twisting his lips, her mouth agape.

'Seriously? You're asking me this now? You want to marry this?' she said, gesturing at her messy state with bewildered eyes.

Mike laughed softly, trailing his hands down her arms soothingly, seeing the panic quickly filling her face.

'I've wanted to marry you since we were kids, El. And I've seen you in way worse condition than this. Remember Dustin's 21st when Lucas dared you take all those shots, and you vomited for like six hours straight?'

El groaned, covering her face with an embarrassed chuckle, peering at him through her fingers.

'Okay, I guess you have a point. Are you guys are never going to let me live down are you?'

Mike laughed, shaking his head.

'Probably not. And, don't think I haven't noticed you haven't my question yet. I'm starting to get a complex here. I've been carrying a ring around for weeks if that helps.'

'What? Are you serious?' El said, face paling slightly as she stepped back, putting her hands behind her back quickly.

'Yup', Mike said matter-of-factly, biting back a smug grin as he reached into his trouser pocket and pulled out a small black velvet box before holding it out to her.

He laughed at her slightly terrified expression.

'Just look at it, mouth-breather'.

El flicked him an annoyed glare, only slightly distracted from her nerves, before she reached out and took the box with trembling fingers. She pulled it open and stared down at the ring nestled inside, her mouth falling open as a warmth filled her chest.

It was so beautiful, she thought, lifting it out and rubbing her finger over the small diamond that sat in the middle of the gold band and seemed to wink at her in the sunlight pouring in from the kitchen window.

El looked at him, expression dazed and eyes wet, and he shifted nervously, tugging on the sleeves of his skirt.

'I know it's only small, but I promise I'll get you a bigger one when I finish Medical school and...'

'Mike, shut up', she said gently but firmly, smiling at her idiot of a boyfriend.

Mike's mouth snapped shut, and he blinked at her, nerves fluttering in his stomach.

'I love it, dingus. It's perfect,' she told him, shaking her head at how oblivious he could be.

Mike's face split into a bright grin and stepped forward quickly, taking the ring from her, and catching her left hand in his.

'So, is that a yes?' he asked her, voice shaking, almost vibrating with happiness as he stared into her warm, brown eyes

'What do you think? Of course it's a yes.', she laughed, chin wobbling slightly as he stared down at her, dark eyes soft and adoring, and he slipped the ring on her finger.

He stared at it, feeling like he was the richest and luckiest man in the world in that moment, before lifting it to his mouth and pressing a soft kiss to it.

'You're mine now, El Hopper, soon to be El Wheeler. No getting out of it now.'

El rolled her eyes, and stepped closer to him, curling her fingers into his shoulders.

'I've been yours since the day we met, Mike. That's never going to change. This,' she said, lifting her hand, 'just shows everyone else what we've both known forever. I am yours, and you are mine.'

'Forever,' he said, leaning down and kissing her thoroughly, before spinning her in a dizzy circle, El's laughter ringing in his ears.

It was the most beautiful noise he'd ever heard.

Notes for the Chapter:

> So what did everyone think? As always let me know.
> Love hearing from you- K xoxo

4. Chapter 4

Notes for the Chapter:

> Hey everyone! Here's another one-shot. I really love this one, it's so damn fluffy it may rot your teeth. You have been warned lol Hope you like it- K x

Mike unlocked the door and stepped into the house, exhaustion beating at him and a slight headache pulsing in his temples as he set his briefcase on the side table.

Argh, what a day, he thought, running a hand through his hair with a low groan. Back to back appointments since eight that morning. Damn flu season.

He walked down the hall into the living room and frowned when he saw it empty, El no-where in sight.

'El?' he called out, voice quiet, in case she was sleeping.

She'd been napping more and more as the pregnancy had progressed, the baby keeping her up at the night, kicking and sitting on her bladder.

Not that she complained, he thought, face softening into a small smile.

No, his girl was being a trooper about the whole thing, enjoying every second as she got bigger and bigger. She already had the nursery all set up, little clothes folded up in the white dresser, the cot she had painted white sitting in the corner below the forest mural with little woodland creatures that Will had driven all the way down from New York to paint.

Now all they needed was their baby.

Mike's forehead cleared as he heard a quiet splashing coming from the bathroom and quickened his steps. He peered around the edge of the slightly open door, grinning as he found El sitting, half-propped up in the bath, her shoulder-length hair pulled back with a comb,

some errant curls sticking to her forehead. Her hands were running almost reverently over the enormous swell of her belly, a soft smile curving her lips.

Only two months to go. They both couldn't wait.

Mike lifted his hand to push the door open but paused, hand stopping inches from the wood, when he heard El murmuring softly.

He frowned, and stepped forward, straining to hear what she saying.

'....your Uncles are so excited to meet you. We all are. They call almost daily, especially your Uncle Will. They're such worry-warts,' El said, shaking her head fondly, lip twitching up as she thought of how as the months had gone by the calls had become more frequent, all of them getting more and more nervous the closer it got to her due date.

'But, I have to admit, I love them for it. Now, first of all, there's Uncle Dustin. Dustin is funny, always joking around and just such a happy person. He always has your back no matter what, and he's often the only voice of reason in our group. Oh, and he makes the most delicious brownies you've ever tasted. He's going to spoil you rotten.'

El smiled as she felt the baby squirm inside her as she spoke, and pressed her hand gently against the clear outline of a foot pressing against her skin. She bit her lip, barely able to contain her joy, as she felt it push back against her touch.

'Now, Uncle Lucas can be a bit hard to get to know, and it's very hard to get him to smile but don't let that put you off, because it only makes the ones you do manage to get from him all the more special. He's so loyal, and he will protect you with everything he has. If you're ever in trouble, and you can't talk to us about it, go to your Uncle Lucas'.

El sat back, expression thoughtful, as she pushed a stray strand of hair out of her eyes.

'Uncle Will....I've been through so much with your Uncle Will. We know everything about each other, we've kept each other sane and I don't know what I'd do without him. He's the best big brother anyone

could ask for. He painted the beautiful mural in your nursery, and he can't wait to teach you how to draw and play all sorts of music for you.'

She sighed, the smile falling of her face as her expression grew suddenly serious. She leant her back against the bath, and spoke the words that had been needling at her for the last few weeks.

'I....I can't promise I'll be a good Mom, baby. I didn't have one for a very long time, not until I was already grown, and Grandma Joyce was the best, but I really have no idea what I'm doing. I can promise I'll try though. I'll do everything in my power to make sure you know you're loved and safe in a way I never was and....and if you're like me, I'll teach you everything I can'.

Her lips curved up into a small smile as she felt the movements gentle inside her, as if the baby was trying to comfort her.

'But what I can promise is that you have the best daddy in the world. He's so kind, patient and brave. He's also kind of a nerd, but I have to admit that I love that about him. But be prepared for an onslaught of Dungeons and Dragons, Star Wars and comic books when you're old enough. If it was up Mike you'd be called Leia or Han so remember to thank me for putting a stop to that when you're older. He can't wait to meet you, to teach you how to ride a bike, to see you crawl, and to take your first steps. You're the most loved baby that ever existed you know that? We're so lucky to have him, baby girl'.

Mike's eyes widened at her words, taking a stumbling step back, shock shooting through him.

Did she...? She did. El said baby girl. Holy shit, they were having a girl.

He frowned. How could she possibly know?

He searched through his mind, trying to remember a time when the doctor could have possibly told her the gender when he froze, realisation dawning and the confusion draining from him.

Of course, he thought, as he remembered a conversation in the

Hopper's kitchen almost eight years ago when Will had explained to them that El wasn't allowed to bet about the gender of their sibling because she was "always right", an inside joke he hadn't understood at the time.

She could sense the baby's gender with her powers.

Mike shook his head, a slightly shocked chuckle slipping out, and a grin splitting his face.

A girl! They were going to have a daughter.

He carefully schooled his face into an expressionless mask before he knocked on the door and walked into the bathroom.

El's sat up, water sloshing over the edge of the tub at the startled movement, hands curling protectively over her rounded belly, before her face softened into a smile as her eyes met his.

'You're home late. I was starting to get worried.'

'Busy day at the clinic', he said, knelling by the side of the bath, not caring about the water on the floor soaking into his work pants and kissed her hard.

El whimpered against his lips, surprised by the intensity of the kiss but definitely not complaining, eyes falling shut.

Mike pulled away, laughing at her flushed face, eyes still closed and lips pursed.

She opened her eyes, blinking dazedly before leaning back and laughing at herself.

He leaned over the side of the bath, running his fingers over the taut skin of her stomach, stroking lovingly.

'How are my girls today?'

El stretched, wincing slightly as the baby kicked her, coming to life under her skin as she always did at Mike's touch.

'We're good. I had a few sessions today with some of my regulars. The little boy, Sam, is really beginning to improve. Oh, and Dustin came over and brought some more of those cinnamon Eggos when I told him I'd run out. He said he didn't want me going all hormonal Hulk on you like a few months ago. Thanks for telling him about that by the w....' she trailed off, eyes wide and mouth falling open as she realised what he'd just said.

Girls. Not girl, girls. Plural.

Mike looked at her eyebrows raised, smirking, as she gaped at him, mouth opening and closing, stunned.

Her eyes suddenly narrowed, and she crossed her arms over her naked chest, propping them up in a way that Mike found very distracting.

'Hey, eyes up, Wheeler. You're not getting out of this that easy. You were eavesdropping at the door.'

He sighed, and flopped down onto the cold tile, leaning against the bathroom wall, looking up at her with a sheepish expression.

'I didn't mean to. I was looking for you and overheard. How long have you known?'

El pressed her lips together as she shrugged.

'Since the first scan. I could just...I don't know, feel it, like I did with Robbie. But she feels different then he did, calmer and softer against my senses. I had the doctor confirm it at the last scan when you went to the toilet', she said, averting her eyes guiltily from his, keep them on her belly, guilt filling her.

He saw her expression and rolled his eyes at his silly wife, rising on his knees and putting his fingers under her chin to lift her eyes to his.

'I'm not mad, dingus. Why didn't you tell me?' he asked, eyes gentle, pressing his lips to her temple.

She frowned, eyebrows drawing together in confusion.

'You wanted it to be a surprise. It wouldn't be a surprise if I told you.'

Mike blinked at her before throwing his head back and laughing.

'Of course I did. You are seriously one of a kind, El Wheeler, you know that? Most people wouldn't be able to keep this kind of thing a secret.'

'So you're happy? You're not disappointed it isn't a boy.'

Mike shook his head, almost glowing with happiness, a grin creasing his cheeks.

'Are you kidding? I couldn't be happier. We're going to have a daughter. Little El.'

El wrinkled her nose at him, sitting up as far as her belly would allow her.

'Come on, we can do better than naming her after me.'

'Hey, I picked your name?' Mike said, crossing his arms over his chest, eyebrows drawn together in mock-offence.

El rolled her eyes.

'Yes, and I love it, but she deserves her own name.'

'Well, do you have any ideas? Unless you'd reconsider Leia?' he joked.

El shot him an unamused look, lifting her hands so he can help her out of the bath. He rose quickly to his feet and lifted her easily, carefully wrapping a towel around her.

'Actually, I did think of a name I liked'.

'Yeah?', he asked, brushing her wet hair off her face, curious,

She nodded, lip twitching up into a small smile.

'And?' he prompted impatiently, as she remained silent, her expression amused.

She giggled quietly, before telling him the name, the word slipping off her lips like an endearment.

Mike repeated the name slowly to himself, pairing it with his last name, before he grinned at her, pulling her into his arms, kissing her soundly.

'It's perfect.'

El clapped her hands, excitedly.

'Our baby has a name', she said, happily, before she turned to him, biting her lip, eyes dark and hungry but her expression suddenly shy and little embarrassed.

He blinked at her, surprised.

'What?'

'Nothing', she blushed, fading with the top of her towel, 'I just missed you today, is all'.

'Oh....oh', he said, realisation dawning as he looked at her shy but hungry expression.

El had always been shy about telling him what she wanted in bed, or about initiating sex, but since she'd gotten pregnant she'd lost a lot of that modesty.

And he definitely wasn't going to complain.

Mike felt himself hardening at her hungry expression and he took a step forward, yanking her gently towards him, pressing her slick and wet body against his.

'I wonder what we could do to fix that?'

'You're smart, I'm sure you can think of something', she said, raising an eyebrow at him and wrapping her arms around his neck, pulling him closer, groaning when she felt his erection pressing up against her.

'Oh, I'm positive I can', he said, swinging her up into his arms with a playful growl, carrying her to the bedroom as El giggled loudly.

Notes for the Chapter:

What did you all think? As always let me know x

Author's Note:

So...what did you think? Comment and let me know.
Love hearing from you all.